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Bard

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**Xenolith land
heather and stone
the towhee tells us drink your tea
rock remembers the flood —
we are the flood
our blood carried us here
Christians of the lower air
and those rare ancient Christians
who call themselves Jews —
temple-free, unsacrificing, taking
delight in deeds of charity
here
América del Norte, a passage
past Dover to the little island
all chokecherry and aspen and fern.
Image Eden
sun pure defusion
in a blur of mist — goldness
chivvying for order,
policemen of the sky,**

I hide.

**Your Celt is furtive, prone to deft concealment,
cool-skinned fond of weather,
flees the public light and chooses by design
the fairy light of moon he calls
the She.**

**I've never been to Jericho
but I have seen
the Bible come tumbling down
by the *Crucis* fire,
lit
in sun stand thou still upon this altar
and sleep here maidenly
as any mother can
Mary stands on the moon because
she is the goddess of the sun,
the emanation, her son
as every Italian in our neighborhood
knew inside out,
they knew Who to pray to,**

they knew the rock on which the world is laid

Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners now

later I will whisper

the secret history of the West —

early,

page 60

bottom

we all are Jews.

A note to William Blake:

Christ who inspired the destruction of the Temple

in the days of Trajan founded two forms of

religion: a bloodless, highly symbolical

mindly panoply called Christianity,

**and the reformed Hebrew worship, stripped of Temple
bloodshed**

animal sacrifices and customs that had crept in

a religion now pure, intellectual, disciplined and

rich, that we call Judaism.

Christ, the Redeemer, brought us both, and both

**perdure, though growing barnacles and lichen along the
way**

— some magnificent like cathedrals,

**some grotesque like Canon Law and family values —
that from time to time must be stripped away,
both sorts of Christians await this
reformation — which is a process,
not a single historical event.**

24 June 2014

= = = = =

**Original watchtower
when you look at the sea
you are actually beholding
all of our history —
it feels so healing, so
completing, to be
by the sea because
the sea remembers.
And the tithe or tide
of sea that lives in us as blood
— in which we live —
quickens in the presence
of the Mother.**

24 June 2014

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Trying to understand
the grand confusion,
cathedral of inadvertencies
our vast *kultur*.

Everything is in it
“but not near the door.”

Immure yourself in circumstance
and let lust's will win a window out
and a new door. *New doors are all we need.*

24 June 2014

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**Open the lists of morning
sun's lance vs. the word's soft
insinuation. Close
your eyes in competition.
The leaves are green.
Victoria is still queen.**

24 June 2014

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**It strengthens the eyes
to stare into the great distances.
Or do I mean
the imagination?**

24 June 2014

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**Reicha bassoon —
second movement — how we to go market
but the market isn't there
how we cross our legs
when we have no chair.
How it snows in summertime
and gold falls out of the air
how it hurries to its destination
leaving us behind for all we care.**

24 June 2014

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**Marble head of Venus in the Louvre
halfway up the stairs
her cold lips part,
she smiles a few
sentences in Old Hungarian,
news from the Eastern front.**

24 June 2014

OBITER ANIMALIA

Beasts along the way.

Inscrutable obvious a wolf.

**Referring to meerkats or pandas
our encampment of prairie dogs
at the edge of Boulder Colorado.**

A rat. Whitehall.

**Zoo doesn't count — oh
so in Galway. Seal. Buzzard's Bay
twelve buzzards above me
on the college drumlin.**

Seen through glass the risen moon.

24 June 2014

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**If this were in color I could sell it.
The feint disappears in sunlight.
You need fences to keep the air in line.
A gappy leafy tree against a cloudless sky — perfection.
Those two things together are like a perfect sea.**

**Sign of remembrance. Grackle on the rail.
Meshed in similarities it is easy to suffocate.
Oh to read some other mind now,
to read the lucent other Oh!
Patchwork histories, mère de la grâce.
“Full of brains” I heard them praying —
thus I knew the real value was knowledge,
and she is the one who had it, Mother of God.**

24 June 2014

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Upstream, against the natural.

But even salmon are part of nature.

Look for and find

the parapet of dreams.

= = = = =

In bridge they call it north and south
but the barge comes today
prophesying peril on the sands —
when they build houses the world goes away
sometimes for years but always comes back
will I live to see her blue eyes smile again
green eyes or that fulvid dark you see in amber
the world has not so many faces
morph me with you baby
sun shining off subjacent windows
winter in the Netherlands
is that a joke or an elevator groaning in the night
gave him a room with an altar in it so what he'd do
say Mass on your
copy of Zukovsky's "A" open to Iyyob
Canaanite yammer who are these souls
that word again tenor sax
try to forgive me for healing you
I was a flame without a candle
you stood by the great sycamore at Vassar

axis mundi

you, not the tree

mild claustrophobe but in a sub I'd panic

winter dreams he calls it

....to.....as a last resort

71 top

shattered the moon fell in the sea

her vision strongest when the music stopped

the Jews converted long ago in all but name

tell that to your Yangtze river boat

the Pope listens in his sleep

are you too demanding

broken altars clumsy young gods

I love ye natheless

every noun could be a name of drug

the hammer the sunshine the zeppelin

armed ship off your bow

the leaves are yellowish

the colors whistle in your dream

imagine grout

it holds your thoughts together

I would rather be walking by the sea

disturb me into relevance

**a cart in Spain tugging up a hill
on the wrong side of the bed
it isn't a game you know
it is the only one there is
still arch as the Cheshire cat
sun in the elm tree me oh my
ode and lair the more
in County May I be polite
broken break me whole again
attend each local prophecy.**

25 June 2014